

FREELAND TRIBUNE.
 Established 1833.
 PUBLISHED EVERY
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY
 BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.
 OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
 LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One Year.....\$1.50
 Six Months......75
 Four Months......50
 Two Months......25
 The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.
 Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.
 FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 2, 1899.

Luzerne County Politics.
 From the Nanticoke News.
 At the Republican headquarters in Wilkesbarre the campaign managers are putting up a great bluff so far as harmony in the ranks of their party and the probable success of their party is concerned. They dare not deny but that the courthouse ghost is looming up against A. D. Hay in greater proportions every day; the over-confidence fad has struck John M. Jones and those who were conceding the latter's election from the start do not feel so confident now. There is such a thing as being too popular, especially when a man is running for office, and we are afraid that this fact will be clearly demonstrated in the case of Phil Raub, the Republican candidate for sheriff. The Bob Robinson collar is not helping John Mainwaring and the Fourth legislative district is likely to roll up a big majority for Lubrecht. The Shawneeite may be compelled to bite the dust on election day.

Another proof of the weakness of the Republican ticket is the appealing communications which appear frequently in the Wilkesbarre Record. There is no harmony in the Republican ranks; there is an undercurrent which is liable to come to the surface at any moment and the ticket will suffer considerably in the effort to oust Bob Robinson.

The contest for commissioners promises to bring out some queer deals. In fact one is already being planned and so determined are some of the manipulators that they are not making any great efforts to conceal their actions.

That Finn will be elected no one doubts. The great powers that were behind his nomination will not leave anything undone to elect him. Of course every effort will be made to elect his colleague too, as there is a vast difference in a minority and a majority commissioner. The nicest contest will be between Hay and Koons; here is where the courthouse plans will cut the greatest figure.

It is a long time since the political situation in Luzerne county was so evenly balanced as it is at present.

Had the Democratic boss and his purchased followers used the least diplomacy on September 12, Luzerne county would undoubtedly be in the Democratic column once more after November 7.

Gold Democrats Coming Back.

One of the most significant recent utterances bearing upon the present tendency in this country to imperialism and militarism was made on Tuesday night of last week before the National Civic Club in Brooklyn, by Edward M. Shepard, a Gold Democrat and leader of the Independent Democrats of that city who for several years have made it impossible for the regular organization to have its way there. His subject was, "The Duty of Democrats to Their Party." He said:

Democrats of all shades of opinion, from those of our great ex-president to those of Mr. Bryan, have sounded one note. Every day the popular vision becomes clearer. The issue of military imperialism dwarfs all other political issues now before the American people. We do not, like the Republicans, put our "Vicars" of Bray into the White House.

As between President McKinley, who voted for free-silver coinage when the popular tide seemed to run that way, who in 1896 down almost to the last feared to pronounce the word "gold" lest he should alienate some popular support, and whose belief in silver or gold seems to depend upon his estimate of its effect upon the fortunes of his party or himself, as between the president on the one hand, and, on the other hand, Mr. Bryan, with his devotion to a principle when it stands and must stand completely in the way of the success of his own legitimate ambition, I do not think high-minded men will long hesitate as to which, as a politician, deserves the greater respect.

The November election this year will occur on the 7th day of the month. There will be elections in eleven states and governors will be chosen in six, namely, Maryland, Ohio, Iowa, Massachusetts, Kentucky and Mississippi.

PORTO RICO'S QUEER FISH.

Curious Specimens Brought Back by Uncle Sam's Fish Experts.

Porto Rico's queer fish, sea turtles, deep sea clams, oysters, devil fish and "mermaids" is the subject of a most interesting report just made by the United States Fish Commission's expedition, which was sent to Porto Rico to investigate its aquatic life for Uncle Sam. The steamer Fish Hawk, having on board the Government fish scientists, led by Professor W. Evermann, brought back 250 species of fish, many of them new to science.

In Summer there is a great abundance of huge sea turtles in that vicinity, especially about Culebra Island. Decoys are used to take them—i. e., counterfeit turtles cut rudely out of counter-board and anchored out. Sometimes, indeed, a picture of a turtle is simply painted on the upper side of a large piece of plank, and the latter is set afloat. Evidently the big marine tortoise, some of which weigh 1,000 pounds apiece or more, are remarkably stupid creatures, inasmuch as the males take the decoys for females and seek them so persistently that they can hardly be driven away. They are secured by passing nets around them in the water.

A kind of devil fish of a most ugly sort was found. A sword fish with monstrous fin extending straight up from its back and feelers reaching far beneath the body was added to the collection of freaks.

Another odd fish found by the Government fish hunters was the bat fish. Oysters are plentiful, though small, but of a different species from the bivalves of the Atlantic coast of the United States. They are very good to eat, but it is doubtful if the fishery for them will ever amount to much commercially. Small round clams were brought up by the dredges in considerable numbers from a depth of forty fathoms, or 240 feet. They were of a species distinct from ours, and were found to be not edible.

No lobsters like ours seem to occur in Porto Rican waters, but there is a so-called "spiny lobster" which is eaten by the natives. It attains a length of about eighteen inches. Blue crabs are extremely plentiful about the island. There are lots of fresh water crawfish. Some day these crawfish may be exported in quantities to the United States, for they are very delicious; but they have to be tightly packed for the journey to prevent them from turning on their backs, else they will work their feet until exhausted, and so die. The Porto Rican crawfish gets a living by impaling small fishes and little frogs on its "tusks," as the horns between its eyes is called.

There is no fishery for the manatee in Porto Rico, though specimens of that huge marine mammal are sometimes seen in the tidal rivers. The creature is a near relative of the extinct rhinoceros, or sea cow. It attains a length of eight feet and a weight of nearly a ton. Columbus saw several specimens on his voyages to America, and in his writings he spoke of them as "mermaids." He said: "They are

not as handsome as painted, but their faces are somewhat human-like." In 1878 there was a manatee at the London Zoological Gardens. It would not eat a thing but lettuce, and this had to be of the French sort. Inasmuch as it consumed one hundred pounds a day the beast's board bill was pretty steep.

Two species of fishes found in the neighborhood of Porto Rico are poisonous. One of these is the jurel, a kind of mackerel, which attains a weight of twenty pounds. Another is the mel-etta, a tropical herring, the most dangerous part of which is the roe. It is not easily distinguished from another herring, which is harmless. A finny curio of those waters is the batfish, which imitates a piece of coral so artistically that it is difficult to detect the cheat unless the creature moves. When it does move it seems to walk on four legs, which are in reality fins. It has a second pair of eyes, looking forward, near the tail.

Most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit Porto Rican waters are the great marine tortoises. These are of three species—the green turtle, loggerhead and the hawksbill. The loggerhead has been known to attain a weight of 1,600 pounds. At 1,000 it is eight feet long and nine feet across the back, including the flippers. It is a very fast and strong swimmer, and the only way to take it is to catch it asleep on the water. Often specimens are seen many miles from land, floating on the waves in peaceful slumber. Unlike the other big sea turtles, the loggerhead is carnivorous. With its powerful jaws it easily cracks the shells of large conches, eating the "meats" of those mollusks. It feeds on crabs and shellfish of all sorts.

The green turtles are the ones that are chiefly sought with decoys of the kind previously described. They sometimes weigh as much as 1,600 pounds, and their flesh is one of the most prized of table delicacies. Living in deep water, they feed on sea plants.

After browsing on these ocean pastures they go to the river mouths for baths in fresh water, which they seem to need from time to time.

A curious discovery was the fact that the fish in Porto Rican mountain streams live in caves and holes in the rocky banks, and cannot be caught, by traps or otherwise, in the current. This is not on account of timidity or wariness, as in the case of our brook trout, but because of a peculiar necessity which compels the fish to hide itself.



PORTO RICAN CRAB.

A SONG.

BY ERNEST A. NEWTON.

There's a sweetness in the air
 When the sun is low,
 And the sky is flushed and bare,
 And the light winds blow;
 While the shadows come and go
 As the night doth fall,
 Along the misty moor land where the
 curlews call.

There's a lady full of grace
 Whom I loved of yore,
 And the lovelight on her face
 Shined ethereally;
 And I long as heretofore
 For the night to fall
 Along the misty moor land where the
 curlews call.

Dear love, can I forget
 Through the flying years
 Thy face amid the fret
 Of their pains and tears;
 Nay, my heart remembers yet
 When the night doth fall
 Along the misty moor land where the
 curlews call.

**AN UNPREMED-
 ITATED THEFT.**

Mrs. Spreadbrow sat under the big willow in her front garden. Behind her stood the trim cottage, and in the grass, almost at her feet, gambled Eddy, her youngest born, and the new white and black puppy.

From the gyrations of the two young creatures on the grass, Mrs. Spreadbrow let her eyes wander drearly across the bay to the irregular sky line of the big city, where she knew that Mr. Spreadbrow was busily engaged in converting bales of cotton into brisk bank notes.

Ah, thought she, happily, she had much to be thankful for, the best husband in the world, promising family, a charming home on Staten Island and

But at this juncture her reverie was broken in upon by the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk leading from the front gate to the house, and looking up, she beheld the comfortable figure of her dear friend, Mrs. Townley.

There followed a scene such as any lady who has been surprised by the sudden and unexpected arrival of a valued friend can readily imagine. In the course of it Mrs. Townley was conveyed to the parlor of the trim cottage, to sit and "cool off" before going upstairs.

"Take off your bonnet, dear," said her cheery hostess. "I will put your satchel and parcel and things on this chair. O, I have so much to tell you about and so glad you are here! Why haven't you come down before?"

In the midst of Mrs. Townley's explanations as to why she had absented herself, there burst through the open French window, like the advent of a whirlwind, the puppy, Sport, in full cry, followed by Eddy, who was shouting "Round and round the room they circled for some moments and then, obedient to the oft-repeated commands of his mother, the little youth turned and embraced their visitor with much heartiness. The peace that followed these demonstrations was rudely put to flight by the click of the front gate, and the cry from Eddy, who was stationed at the window announcing "a lady coming."

"Somebody to call. How provoking!" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, with a pucker of her placid brow. "Come, Maria, let's go up stairs before Delia goes to the door. There goes the bell! Never mind your things."

In an instant the room was cleared of all save the black and white puppy, who trotted out into the garden by the same route he had come in.

"It's a young lady, Mrs. Spreadbrow, and she says she wants to see you on business," announced Delia, a moment later, thrusting her head through the door of the room to which Mrs. Spreadbrow and her friend had retired.

"Dear me! what can she want?" The lady's voice expressed as much irritation as that kindly organ could embody.

As she entered the parlor, a tall, slim girl, who had been standing nervously in the middle of the room, advanced to meet her, and the icy tone and manner that Mrs. Spreadbrow had determined to assume toward the disturber of her seclusion melted away as the pretty young creature lifted a pair of sad dark eyes to her face and said in an embarrassed voice:

"Please pardon me for intruding. I have come to you—"
 "Pray sit down," interrupted Mrs. Spreadbrow, cheerily.

"Thank you," said the girl, and dropped into a chair. "I will not detain you long—I have here a children's history—and from the depths of a roomy satchel she produced a small book—that Catcham & Teasam are publishing—"

"Ah! Now, Mrs. Spreadbrow knew the worst. "But I don't want it," she said, gently.

"Stop," exclaimed Mrs. Spreadbrow, "I've changed my mind about the book, I'll take it."
 "You really need it?" with a perceptible brightening of the eyes.

"I can't get on without a history for Eddy. I never thought of Sport's having destroyed the one he had."
 When the necessary negotiations had been concluded and the pretty book agent had departed, Mrs. Spreadbrow returned to her guest with many apologies for her long absence and bubbling over with the pathos of the story she had woven from the materials furnished by the young girl's words and manner.

The two ladies talked over this and similar instances, until they were both in a tearful state, and Mrs. Townley, to turn the tide of feeling, proposed going into the parlor and opening the satchel which she said contained some trifles for the children.

This proposition was hailed with joy by Mrs. Spreadbrow. Mrs. Townley was in the act of untying the last string, when she suddenly bethought her of her black satchel, in which it was her custom to carry her purse, and which had been deposited with her bonnet and parasol on a chair in the corner of the room. With the precipitancy invariably displayed by her sex at such junctures, she rose and stepped over to get it. The parasol and bonnet were on the chair, but not the satchel.

"Are you sure that you didn't take it into the library?" asked Mrs. Spreadbrow, after the parlor had been searched.

"I know I didn't," responded Mrs. Townley, with tremulous irritation. "But of course we can look."
 The satchel was not in the library, the only room occupied by the ladies since Mrs. Townley's arrival; nor did it turn up anywhere in the house, which with anxious inconsistency was searched from top to bottom. Mrs. Townley had become very pale and Mrs. Spreadbrow trembled with excitement and chagrin.

"O, this is dreadful," she said at last. "I—I hate to think it possible, but it must have been stolen. How much was in the purse?"

"A hundred dollars," responded Mrs. Townley. "I brought it with me for safety. But who—ought? There has been no one—"
 "The little book agent," gasped Mrs. Spreadbrow. "She is the only person who has been in the parlor besides myself since you left it. Is it possible—can it be—that innocent-looking—O, dear!"

But Mrs. Spreadbrow was a woman of action, albeit mild and gentle, and she sprang to her feet, fiercely clenching her small, soft fists. "I'll follow her!" she cried. "Do you go one way, Maria; I will go another, and Delia and the children shall go in the other directions. O, we will run her down! The little hypocrite!"

In a few minutes the house was emptied of occupants, barring the cook, who stood with her elbows on the fence and watched the departing search party, and the black and white puppy, who, in his foolish way, growled at and worried something under the big willow.

With the hot August sun pouring down upon their heads the pursuers scurried from house to house, while with what Mrs. Spreadbrow termed "the intense cunning of a thief," the little book agent managed to elude them.

At last Mrs. Spreadbrow found a maid servant who said that she had seen the girl enter the railway station and that if Mrs. Spreadbrow hurried she could overtake her before the arrival of the train for St. George. Stationward the anxious lady sped, fear and indignation, intermixed with a spice of uncertainty.

What should she do if the girl refused to give up the purse? Ah, she knew; she would get on the train, find a policeman at St. George, and intercept her as she stepped on the boat.

She reached the station just in time to see the book agent's skirt whisk through the door of a forward car; she herself was hauled on by the last car by an obliging brakeman, just as the train moved off.

Arrived at St. George, Mrs. Spreadbrow hurriedly accosted a policeman, explained that the young woman in the gray linen dress, carrying the black satchel, had committed a theft, and she herself was hauled on by the last car by an obliging brakeman, just as the train moved off.

"Yes—that is, I went to her house this morning and she was—"
 "Will you come out of this crowd?" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, her firmness suddenly forsaking her. "I want to speak to you."
 "But I will miss my boat," expostulated the girl nervously. My mother will be waiting for me and—what can you mean by calling a policeman to attend to me? With frightened eyes, as if a full realization of her situation had but just flashed upon her.

"The fact is," explained the policeman, "this lady wants me to arrest you for theft, but maybe you can explain certain suspicious circumstances."
 The girl was white to the lips now, and the look of despairing fright in her eyes was pitiful to see.

"For theft—me—for theft!" she said with stiff lips.
 "O, do come where it is quiet," urged the accuser, looking as distressed as the accused and then the three went into the ferry-house.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, weakly, when they had reached a quiet corner of the big room.
 "Thank you, I prefer to stand," replied the girl proudly. "And now may I ask what you accuse me of stealing?"
 "I—I," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, trembling before the pale "little thief." "We think you took Mrs. Townley's purse out of my parlor this morning; you were the only person in the room beside myself between the time she left it there and the time we found it gone and—"
 "My God," murmured the book agent dropping into a seat and covering her face with her hands. Presently she recovered herself and turning the policeman said: "Search my satchel, please, and you'll find Mrs. Spreadbrow's. You may search my person; and may God forgive you!"

Of the black satchel, holding up a slim pocket-book.
 "That's mine; look through it; you will find just 20 cents." The book agent spoke very calmly.

"That's right," he assented, putting the purse back. "But of course the money must be hid on the lady's person," he added cautiously.

"Here it is! Here it is!" cried a panting but triumphant voice, and Mrs. Townley, flushed and excited, rushed toward the trio waving a much-mauled russet-leather bag, such as some ladies are fond of carrying their handkerchiefs and purses in.

"It was that wretched black and white puppy! He must have taken it out of the parlor and Eddie found him chewing it to pieces in the garden. Why, what is the matter, Hattie?" for Mrs. Spreadbrow had dropped into a seat and regardless of curious eyes, was weeping piteously.

"I—I—I'm sorry. Please—please forgive me."
 The little book agent wavered a moment, indignation, scorn and pity chasing each other across her face. Then she slipped down beside the distressed little lady and taking one of her limp hands said simply:

"I do forgive you. Pray don't cry. But, please, next time you miss anything, be sure the black and white puppy hasn't taken it before you decide that anybody else has."
 She could not refrain from this mild shot, and though it was tremendously aimed at Mrs. Spreadbrow's heart, where it has lodged ever since.

And so it was the black and white puppy! He is a sedate dog now and a great favorite of Miss Amelia Banks—ex-book agent—who declares that if it had not been for him she would never have obtained her present lucrative and congenial position in Mr. Spreadbrow's office, where the painful memories of her experience as a book agent—and other painful memories as well—are fast fading into oblivion.

SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.
 The smallest cows in the world are to be found in the Samoan islands.
 The smallest camels belong in Persia. They are not more than fifty centimeters high.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is only one meter high and weighs eighty kilograms.
 Gaust is the smallest republic as to area, which is exactly one mille. The population numbers 150. It is situated in the Pyrenees.

Tavolara is the smallest republic as to population, having only fifty-three men, women and children. It is twelve miles from Sardinia.
 The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marquis Carcano. Its height does not surpass seventy centimeters; it is often harnessed to a lilliputian mail coach.

King Malletoa, the Samoan monarch, lately dead, received a smaller salary than any royalty, \$150 monthly, and it was usually in arrears.

HUMOROUS QUIPS.
 The apparel of the small boy is always a suit for damage.
 It's one thing to have an idea and another to carry it out.
 No man ever has to feel ashamed of the company he keeps out of.

Seven days make one week—but it often takes more to make one strong.
 Some men give according to their means and others according to their meanness.
 Politeness pays as a rule, yet many a man has lost heavily through a civil action.

Patent-medicine men fill their almanacs with ancient jokes to show their skill in prolonging life.
 A woman seldom objects to a self-made husband unless he insists upon her wearing self-made dresses.
 A rural exchange says: "Silver is less valuable than eggs." Perhaps it is, but a pocket full of the former causes less uneasiness than the same quantity of the latter.

WISE WORDS.
 To bear disappointment bravely is to discount the fates.
 Every woman is as old as the neighbors remember she is.
 Mingle folly with your wisdom, or nobody will associate with you.

We are well balanced when our wills can control our prejudices.
 Faith is higher than reason, as loyalty is finer than investigation.
 The gentility of some people amounts to a positive blemish in character.
 Look before you leap; otherwise you won't recognize yourself afterward.

Originality consists mainly in not saying the things which everybody else says.
 Stupid people rob us of time and temper, but clever people go away loaded with our ideas.
 When a girl's clever tongue keeps her from marrying, it is because she has not yet met her equal among men.

The Cure that Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE
 THE GERMAN REMEDY
 Cures throat and lung diseases.
 Sold by all druggists. 25¢ and 50¢.

Fall and Winter Goods Have Just Arrived.

We invite you to call and examine our new and complete lines of

Men's and Boys' Heavy Underwear.

All sizes and all qualities.

Our Fleece-Lined Non-Shrinkable Drawers and Undershirts are the best in town at the price.

All We Ask Is 50 Cents a Pair.

Our stock of Men's and Boys' winter hose is very large and will be sold reasonable.

A fine assortment of heavy gloves will be found here. All styles and prices.

Latest styles in fall hats and caps, neckwear, furnishings, etc.

Our stock of shoes was never more complete. Come and let us equip you for the winter.

McMENAMIN'S
 Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,
 86 CENTRE STREET.

OUR GENERAL CATALOGUE is the book of the people—it quotes Wholesale Prices to Everybody, has over 1,000 pages, 16,000 illustrations, and 60,000 descriptions of articles with prices. It costs 72 cents to print and mail each copy. We want you to have one. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS to show your good faith, and we'll send you a copy FREE, with all charges prepaid.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Michigan Ave. and Madison Street CHICAGO

We own and occupy the tallest mercantile building in the world. We have over 2,000,000 customers. Sixteen hundred clerks are constantly engaged filling out-of-town orders.

We carry a stock of goods valued at \$1,500,000.00
 We receive from 10,000 to 25,000 letters every day

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

Get this ad. out and send to us with \$1.00, and we will send you this NEW IMPROVED ACME QUEEN PIANO ORGAN, by freight, C. O. D., subject to conditions. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot, and if you find it exactly as represented, equal to organs that retail at \$125.00 to \$150.00, the greatest value ever saw and far better than organs advertised by others at more money, pay the freight agent our special 90 days' offer price, \$31.75, less the \$1.00, or \$30.75, and freight charges.

\$31.75 IS OUR SPECIAL 90 DAYS' PRICE—one-half the price charged by others. Such an offer was never made before.

THE ACME QUEEN is one of the most DURABLE AND SWEETEST TO THE EAR organs ever made. From the illustration shown, which is engraved direct from a photograph, you can form some idea of its beautiful appearance. It has a cabinet of oak, with a rich, dark, antique finish, handsomely decorated and ornamented. It is 48 inches high, 28 inches wide and weighs 300 pounds. Contains 5 octaves. 41 stops, as follows: Diapason, Principal, Pedal, Flute, Clarinet, Oboe, Bassoon, Horn, Trumpet, Trombone, Saxophone, Piano, Organ, Harp, Cymbals, Snare Drum, Bass Drum, Tom-toms, Gong, Chimes, Triangle, Castanets, Tambourine, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Violin, Viola, Cello, Double Bass, and many others.

Guaranteed 25 Years. With every ACME organ we furnish a full set of 250 parts, and a complete set of tools, and a full set of instructions. We furnish free a handsome organ stool and the best organ instruction book published.

Use a written binding 25-year guarantee, by the terms and conditions of which if any part gives out we repair it free of charge. Try it one month and we will refund your money if you are not perfectly satisfied. No cash advance. Try it one month. ORDER AT ONCE. DON'T DELAY.

OUR RELIABILITY IS ESTABLISHED IF YOU get credit with us ask your neighbor about us write the publisher of this paper or Metropolitan National Bank, or City Exchange Nat. Bank, Chicago; or German Exchange Bank, New York; or any railroad or express company in Chicago. We have capital of over \$700,000.00, occupy entire one of the largest business buildings in Chicago, and employ nearly 5,000 people in our own building. WE SELL ORGANS AT \$25.00 and up; PIANOS, \$125.00 and up. We have a complete list of lowest wholesale prices. Write for free special organ, piano and musical instrument catalogue. Address: GEORGE FISHER & CO., 98 CENTRE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Fulton, Desplaines and Wayman Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

Condly O. Boyle, dealer in Liquor, Wine, Beer, Porter, Etc.

GEORGE FISHER, dealer in Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Etc. FOR A GLASS OF FRESH BEER, PORTER OR ALE call at NO. 6 EAST WALNUT STREET.

The finest brands of Domestic and Imported Whiskey on sale in one of the handsomest saloons in town: Fresh Rochester and Shennant-Booth Beer and Youngling's Porter on tap 98 Centre Street.